

## Criteria Estertor

### Legionella and Covid

A bus passes by. I wait at the stop. Not many considerations pass through my mind. Life is a wait. She smiles at me. In a moment a cleaning car with brooms passes by. It is legionella, the "ninconpopos" dust polyp, as a result of the use and abuse of the lack of cleanliness. Here then, the dirty and the clean, a binomial that unfolds endlessly in the grammar of emotions.

I get on the bus, number 42, which takes me past Praça do Saldanha to Duque de Ávila. Soon, I return home by subway, I still see a girl with a red face borrowed from the somewhat nauseating smell of certain people in the subway. So the subway is the most democratic means of transportation. For one thing, it is or develops underground. Then, all you need is a ticket to make a trip where, normally, nobody bothers you, if you bother, that is, it's like the bus to Caparica, it takes a long, sometimes depressing ride, it has to be said frankly, but it does it. So it is both speculative and objective...

My breakthrough is her breakthrough, we were in confinement for almost two years. You rarely see a person wearing a mask. And the housing problem remains, the racism, the discrimination. Since I don't do planning, nor am I an architect, and I allow myself to think as some naive vehemence, "how can we end all this? Sanitize all of this?"

The bus went up Largo do Leão, near the Russian embassy... it made its way to Amoreiras, but I stayed and left before, around the Mint, bought a bottle of water at Pingo Doce and had a coffee further on, at Versailles, where I met up with a group of friends from college and an old childhood friend, Rosália, who works in Tourism. What to say about all this? Not much. But

not little either. Life is what it is. I took advantage of it and went to the Gulbenkian, where I bought several reproductions to offer to my mother, who likes painting so much that she is always willing to do as much as appreciate a good painting...

We know that happiness is being connected, in a way. And, when we are connected, everything sounds good, so we can either choose to be totally and permanently connected or save some energy and meet sparks of happiness, i.e., like optimism pills, like someone who takes one pill in the morning, one mid-afternoon, one at bedtime. And, who doesn't take pills? Of course, the great taboo, the great frontier, is mental health. So, I recognize that I want to be healthy, beyond the class struggle, beyond the leadership needed in the political context of our country, in the tricks and things we are doing back and forth. When you know, or rather, when you recognize, the absolute, you become more tolerant without necessarily being over the moon, in the full scope of the theory...

I look at myself in the mirror and let a tear fall, just like my kitten did a few days ago, all he had to do was *blink (a blink on the eyes)* and a drop of water fell to the floor, crashing into the legionella polyps that could well be those of Avenida João XXI?

I ate a Thousand Leaves in London Square, near the store where I bought a small radio to listen to the Premier League reports at the weekend, near also the itinerant library, like a telephone booth, where I left some books of mine and other authors, in that system of dropping off and picking up the books you supposedly want, which I don't remember now the exact name of. It went like this.

Anyway, I swept the room I live in when I see Sporting dominating inter Milan, the sun was still unfolding before the patio scenery, a cat was stretched out in the sun and from time to time an apartment in Lisbon burned down, I would say even worse CMTV?

My mind was puzzled by some inspiration and I squeezed like her like squeezing a sponge over her forehead in a Lisbon Half...

It was like a Swiss cheese, although I had eaten badly and even smoked too much on certain days, without ever exceeding the biological and organic limit of twenty cigarettes a day, that is, a packet for every twenty-four hours. I even thought about a pension to the tobacco company for a prank I was pulled in France, it was chronic, I had been very unlucky every time I was away from home. The world is a violent space, between the circus and the slaughterhouse, that is, the whole process and chain. But then I thought: the harm has already been done, although the foot they hurt was mine. However, I never needed a prosthesis. But I thought about it, albeit philosophically, after Rita waved to me at the window...

Victor Mota